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—THE—

WISDOM OF SOLOMON,

A KEY TO

— The — Bible. —

AND THE

ANCIENT AMERICANS,

BY

N. A. LIST.

1889.

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"No man or age is sufficient to perfect any art or science; and that when we behold them advanced to such astonishing maturity in those ancient empires, they must have been long before known and cultivated."—*Galen.* (130-201 A. D.)

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PREFACE.

THE BIBLE

is man's certificate, or title-deed to progress, and humanity; its writers and preservers, the direct chain of title thereto. In presenting a

KEY

to its earliest Books, I believe it is making assurance doubly sure. It is more than pleasant to know that these Books have come down to us from a remote past *intact;*—Solomon, Moses, Abraham, were living persons,—the Psalms, Job, Proverbs are their identical Books. Its preservers in all ages have, held it Sacred and to be Inspired; what better evidence can be offered of its Sacredness and Inspiration? As it was with them, so it is with us, and will be to the future.

The Key is very simple. The First chapter of the

"WISDOM OF SOLOMON"

is composed of forty sentences, each sentence is the caption to, and indicates the subject of a Psalm, for example: The first sentence is: "Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the Earth:" this is the caption to the first Psalm, and also indicates the subject of the Psalm.

The Key indicates Psalms IX and X should be only *One* Psalm.

The Key indicates that Chapters I and II of Job, are subsequent,—a preface wrote after the Key was made. Also, that the Book of Proverbs was originally a part of Job, coming in between Chapters XXI and XXII of Job.

The photographic diagrams aim to show *three forms* of, or in, "the Wisdom of Solomon;" the Key to "the Wisdom of Solomon," being the *third* form. I think these three forms do not exhaust its secrets. To the Sciences, History and Religion, it may be a mine of richest treasures to unravel,—a consumation devoutly to be wished,—so that we may see the difference between the "Earth" and "Heaven-born" literature of the Ancients.

To me, "the Wisdom of Solomon" seems to be a *Key* to point out what was the *then* accepted intelligence—

"Which knowethThy works,
And was present when thou madest the World,
And knew what was acceptable in Thy sight,
And right in Thy commandments."—

SOLOMON is the *preserver of the faith*, once delivered to the Saints; he has preserved it for all time—the sole inheritance—to which we are heirs. Let us find out this work and the extent thereof, as done by

THE PEERLESS HEAVEN-BORN KNIGHT.

Here, Literary thought of modern days !
Here, History that lives with living praise !
Here, gentle Science,—great inventive art !
Relieve this Peerless Heaven-born Knight; his part
Is nobly, grandly, done. His armour bright,
Has brighter gems, than your most famous light.
Astronomy, kneel down, and hear of thought
Beyond thy ken, and mighty wonders wrought.
Let cheerful Patience enter now the fight;
Let Skill and Art lend their most ardent light;
The task is great. The work is just begun.
Come do; then tell *how it was lost*, and won.

The oldest continent should have priorty of claim to the birth-place of man.

The Science of Astronomy seems to confirm the opinion that the "Old Constellations" were assigned not later than 2,380 B. C. and from a latitude from thirty-five to forty-five degrees North.

The Heavens have been a Scientific School-Master to mankind.

Association of like ideas, would naturally be productive of like results,—the same teaching, the same intelligence,—on the Eastern as on the Western continent.

I am indebted to the "Omaha Public Library" for Books of Reference; and to the Librarian, MISS JESSIE ALLAN, and her Assistants, for pleasant and prompt attention.

Omaha, Nebraska, U. S., N. A.
October, 12th, 1889. } N. A. LIST.

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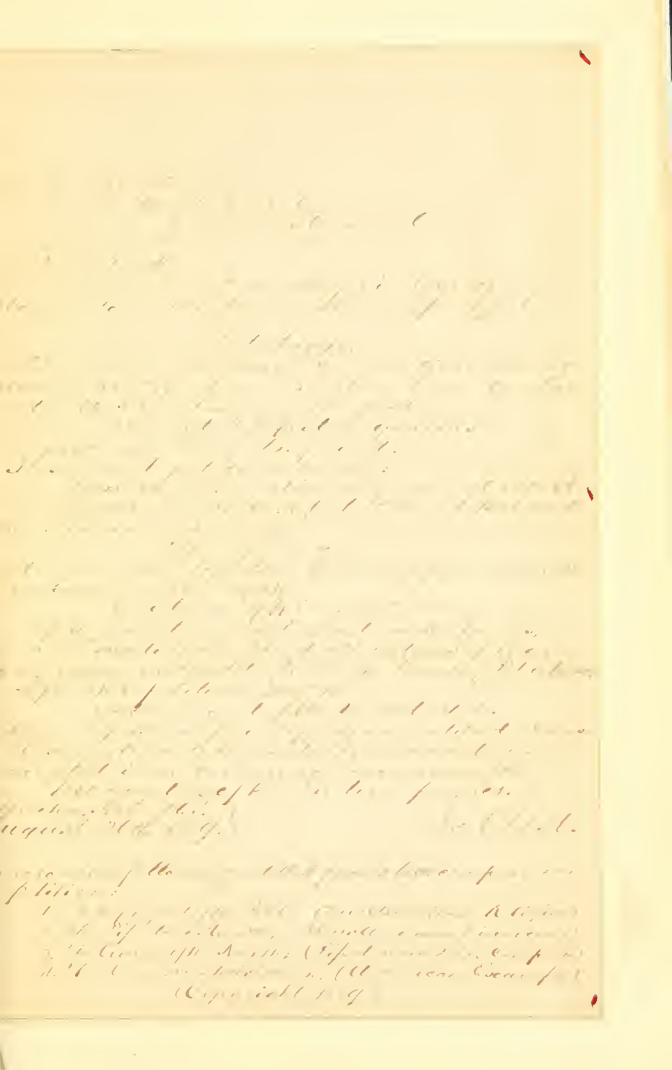

[illegible] Psalms IX & X should be One thus making 11 Psalms in st. 2 of 111.

A Literary Key to the first forty-one Psalms of David.

[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] righteousness ye that be judges of the earth.	I
Think of the lord with a good (heart), and in simplicity of heart seek him:	II
For he will be found of them that tempt him not,	III
And shweth himself unto such as do not distrust him.	IV
For froward thoughts separate from God.	V
And his power, when it is tried, reproveth the unwise.	VI
For into a malicious soul wisdom shall not enter,	VII
Nor dwell in the body that is subject unto sin.	VIII
For the holy spirit of discipline will flee deceit,	IXX
And remove from thoughts that are without understanding,	XI
And will not abide when unrighteousness cometh in.	XII
For wisdom is a loving spirit,	XIII
And will not acquit a blasphemer of his words,	XIV
For God is witness of his reins, and a true beholder of his heart and a hearer of his tongue.	XV
For the spirit of the Lord filleth the world:	XVI
And that which containeth all things, hath knowledge of the voice.	XVII
Therefore he that speaketh unrighteous things cannot be hid:	XVIII
Neither shall vengence when it punishetth pass by him.	XIX
For inquisition shall be made unto the councils of the ungodly.	XX
And the sound of his words shall come unto the Lord for the manifestation of his unlawdeeds.	[illegible]
For the ear of jealousy hear [illegible] things:	XXII
And the noise of murmuring is not hid.	XXIII
Therefore beware of murmuring which is unprofitable,	XXIV
And refrain your tongue from backbiting	XXV
For there is no word so secret, that shall go for nought:	XXVI
And the mouth that belieth, stryeth the soul.	XXVII
Seek not death in the error of your life:	XXVIII
And pull not upon yourselves destruction with the works of your hands.	XXIX
For God made not death:	XXX
Neither hath he pleasure in the destruction of the living.	XXXI
For he created all things, that they might have their being:	XXXII
And the generations of the world were healthful:	XXXIII
And there is no poison of destruction in them,	XXXIV
Nor the kingdom of death upon the earth:	XXXV
(For righteousness is immortal)	XXXVI
But ungodly men with their works and words called it to them:	XXXVII
For when they thought to have it their friend,	XXXVIII
The consumed to nought.	XXXIX
And made a covenant with it,	XL
Because they were worthy to take part with it.	XLI

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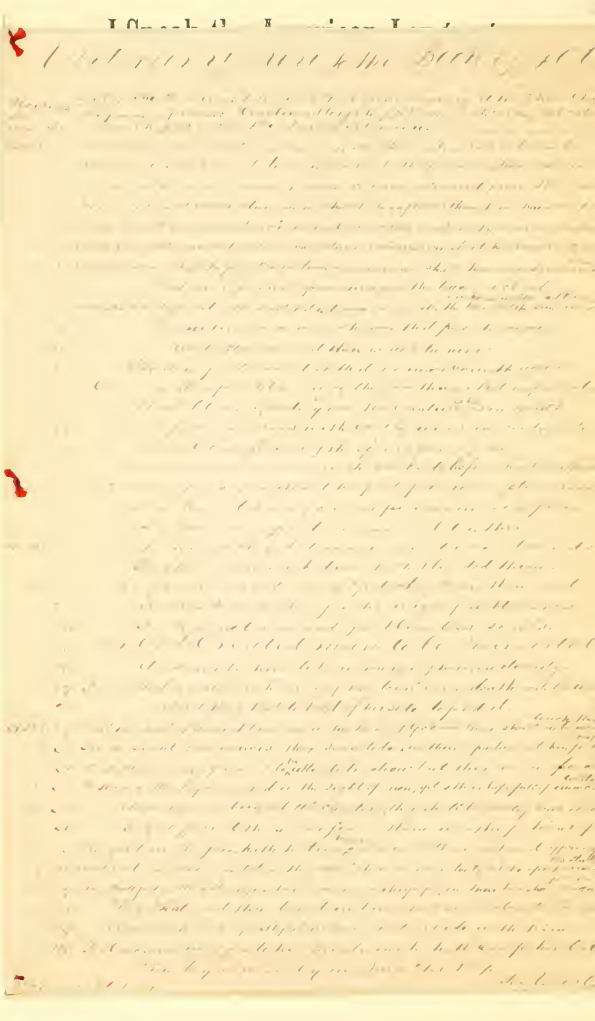

A

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	6	Let us oppress the poor righteous man,
	7	Let us not spare the widow,
		Nor reverence the ancient gray hairs of the aged.
	8	Let our strength be the law of justice: for that which is feeble is found to be nothing worth.
	9	Therefore let us lie in wait for the righteous,
	10	Because he is not for our turn,
	11	And he is clean contrary to our doings:
	12	He upbraideth us with our offending the law,
	13	And objecteth to our infamy the transgression of our education.
12	14	He proposeth to have the knowledge of God.
	15	And he calleth himself the child of the Lord.
14	16	He was made to reprove our thoughts.
15	17	He is grievous unto us even to behold:
	18	For his life is not like other mens.
	19	His ways are of another fashion.
16	20	We are esteemed of him as counterfeits (false coin):
	21	He abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness:
	22	He pronounceth the end of the just to be blessed.
	23	And maketh his boast that God is his father.
17	24	Let us see if his words be true:
	25	And let us prove what shall happen in the end of him.
18	26	For if the just man be the son of God he will help him,
	27	And deliver him from the hand of his enemies.
19	28	Let us examine him with despitefulness and torture,
	29	That we may know his meekness,
	30	And prove his patience.
20	31	Let us condemn him with a shameful death;
	32	For by his own saying he shall be respected.

This Key observed by me July the twenty-first A.D. 1859.

A. C. Fisk.

Note — The Key would indicate that in the time of Solomon, the "Proverbs of Solomon" from Chap. 1 to 29 inclusive, was a part of the Book of Job, it Place being between the 19th & 20th Chaps of Job.

[illegible]

[illegible] Foundation of the [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Sciences.

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	The [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Astronomy.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Comparative Anatomy.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
4	The [illegible]	Natural Philosophy.
5	And the [illegible]	[illegible]
6	The [illegible]	[illegible]
7	And the virtues of Roots:	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The Credit accorded to the Greeks and other Nations subsequent to B.C. 1013 as the discoverers of the Seven Sciences can now be questioned. They may obtain their information from the above source. (Copyright 1889)

TO THE

Pipestone Star.

(On commencing its Second Decade, June 19th. 1889.)

SKETCHES

BY

N. A. KIST.

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II. *Images and Signs.*

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VII. *The Model Press.*

I speak the American Language, a sketch for an American Girl.

TO THE PIPESTONE STAR.

(On commencing its Second Decade.)

I.

Whats Poetry? A stream of learned Truth
That flows from age to age refreshing youth;
A metric, soothing, softening, melody,
Begun in age, renewed by youth each day.
Some say it is the "Music of the Spheres"
By genius caught—the living song of years.
Let knowledge speak—'tis Virtues only friend—
It lives in thoughts of truth, which deeds attend.
True poetry, the climax of a thought—
The ages thought—by Poet wond'rous wrought:
He tills the mind, then sows, then waits to reap.
How sacred could the Greeks their Homer keep!
See, Calchas knew;—"past, present and to be;"
Experience spoke, true wisdom then could see:
She deals in facts, where subtilities abound
She makes them plain, for future rules profound.
With pride, with power in lofty majesty
Hear the rapt Prophet, sound the *living* way:
Produce your cause, bring forth your reasons strong
To tell the future, if the past be wrong:
Show former things, and all their latter end,
From these, new truths for distant future send.
The mighty minds, of all the past combine,
In *flowing Poetry*, their thoughts define.

II.

Our Intellect is store of Images and Signs—
'Tis workmanship on these, are our "Designs"—
Thence letters, words and written language came:
With these we meditate, collect, proclaim;
There infant The'ry grew, and with it Thought
And speech—man's noblest product wrought—
To write and print—the natural aids to mind—
Then Poetry—surpassing things we find
Mechanical—it steals away from sense
To realms unknown; it imitates from thence
New forms, new thoughts,—in combination flow—
Intelligence dissects—sometimes it may be slow—:
Unending Images are there in store
And Signs unending for Inventive lore.
Thus (Mill & Spencers School) they all we find
Have made this grand discovery of mind.

III.

Hear Iliad's Poet make Invention speak;
H'd make a Nation of the tribal—Greek:
The tribes collect, combine then animate;
The Trogan war the place to operate:
Wars dangers are the lineaments that bind;
'Tis danger makes us try and trust mankind;
A gen'rous rivalry, he then commends,
And in the cause, the tribal-nation blends.
In selfishness Atrides leads the way,
Self first is beaten, vanquished in the fray:
What Nation can be built on selfishness?
Self, is a tribe of one, no more, no less;
For general weal, Achilles—justice—stands,
By his combining aid, success commands.
Thus he collects, and thus combines, now see
Him animate the Nation yet to be:
In polished thought he gives Minerva birth;
He made the Plant of Heaven a Text for Earth:
Some thought her skill and industry, some art;
Unrivalled beauty was her charming part.
The Greeks adored and skill and art combined
And solved a problem of the Poets mind.
A great Mechanic Nation was their theme,
With sordid rivalry their thought and dream.
They failed to see the thought that led to life,
But caught the lesser one that led to strife.
Men still can live in their frail tenement,
And force and skill is still their argument.
If Nestors words are right he fought the Centaur too,—
The Earth-born race that Mighty Abram slew.
I think ACHILLES and MELCHIZEDECK
And ON, and Io, NOS, all figures check
And OGAM too, all meant INTELLIGENCE
In varied tongues, or, epic elegance.
"Dodonia Jove, Pelasgian, Sovereign King"
All blend to *One*, we hear the Poet sing.

IV.

Another Nation-Builder we can view:
In Congress or a Court—the scene there grew—
Its Halls th' Universe—th' Almighty's station,—
The App'late Judge)—in grandest Arbitration.
This Court has officers: A Cyclone Clerk,
The Sheriff, Dread Calamity's, own work.
The culprit is arraigned—in charge we see
Of Ling'ring Misery—hard jailor he—
The Papers served, each charge is specified
And promptly is each sev'ral charge denied.
The case is then referred to Referee:
To hear; to see the witnesses are free;
Equality enforce; and have no fear;
Prefer no man; nor cunning flatt'ry hear.
The witnesses are called and testify;
To each the culprit can of right reply;
Each witness then can twice to twice rebut
(A model, if you please, when Courts are shut)
Collect, combine and then report, the find;
This Ancient Heaven-born rule for all mankind.
All Courts, no doubt are wealths own property,
Old wealth, that ever curses povety,
And all its Lawyers are this Devils claws,
Who live to Crucify all honest laws:
They grew in Courts and Bars of Tyrant Kings
Rome could invent, and died by their own sting.
This EL-I-UGH! *This mighty glorious man!!*
I've named some more, were all American.
I ask to-day: Who first discovered Europe? Say.
Where Pipestone's theme abounds in thought to-day.

V.

Two Poets kept the ancient World in thought,
All others commented on what they wrought.
The Earth and Heaven-born race their theme and lay,
The Preface to their works so bids me say:
"*To sing the wrath that brought woes numberless;*"
"*To sing the ways that brought good measureless;*"
The love of wealth, the test that tries the men;
The oldest theme—and ever young as then—
One leads through strife a Nation into life;
One patiently endures, a foe to strife.

We see, now, what is clearly their intent,
One uses force, the other, argument.
HOMER and JOB, in contrast, are in view,
Their subject is the same: Which is the true?
One built a little short lived checkered State,
Brilliant in Art, and Industry as great;
One built a State, so kind, so patiently,
That all mankind could share it equally.
Job opens up the "Palace" of the mind
With art and industry its subjects kind.
All men are equal; Who will doubt this truth?
Our Nation's Pride is Educated Youth.
Long live grand EL-I-HU great LINCOLN'S guide,
All Love, all Reverence,—Faith—Hope—allied.

VI.

O PIPESTONE STAR that shines when suns are set,
Long may ye shine, and brighter, grander yet.
O! on the heights of Pipestone's Holy Vale!
O Watchman can you tell her ancient tale?
Here Olen sang, the first of all that sung:
He named the Stars; he gave fair speech a tongue;
Here Planets first were seen; and Cycles known;
Here time was noted; and the signs were shown.
It seems a mirage! Of your summers day?
An ancient mirage that has come to stay.
When! When? "In the beginning." Let me say,
That all old truths and all good history
All, all, can most declare. "Let there be Light,"
Thus Olen spake, thy Beauty then in sight.
To one whose seen thy *mirage-loomivg* air
That sinks thy hills and lifts thy dales so fair,
That brings Stone Lake—a hundred miles—right
there,
That jumping fish are seen—so men declare,
It is no mystery: The earth and sky
There meet, and passing Worlds are hov'ring nigh.
Thy air was Telescope for ancient sage
Who, here first read Heavens Book and Starry page.

The Indian who knew this wondrous fact,
He used his knowledge with bewildering tact;
Secluded in some sunny favored vale
The *looming* was his glass o'er hill and dale,
He posed as Seer and Fortune-teller too.
The lost he found, and distant herds could view.
Now Science comes bids looming-fetish go,
And says: Magnes-ia's Soils this looming show.
Now comes a poser: Let good Science show,
How came old Menes named, so long ago?
He was the first of Ancient Egypts Kings!!
Menes, Magnes, now Magnes-ia brings.
What hosts of Towns were named Magnesia –
Illustrious, Noble, Great,—in Asia!!
Such is the meaning of Magnesia's word
That Mighty Kings and ancient Towns adored.
Again. In Coteau's lovely Vales I see
(Indigeneous) the "Shamrocks" home to be.
The man who'd turn this sacred vale to strife,
Deserves the hate and scorn of men thro' life.
Let angient fires again light up the Vale,
The crevisced rocks record their ancient tale;
Or, awful lightnings leap, with thunder bold
And save, like sacred Delphi's was of old.
Read Bibles sacred thought, that Moses spake,
In vivid speech you see the Mountain quake:
Old Sinai's Mount, the Sacred solemn place
To Israel's Sons, and their Ancestral race.
Dear Pipestone's Vale, was former type to these.
Lets reverence the past and love and please.
'Twas Pipestone's Pipe of Friendship and of Peace
That gave our Pilgrims welcome, food and lease
Of Life. This act let Gratitude repay
And save, their "last, sole remnant" of to-day.
They are a lasting link to all the past.
Th' illuming record now has come at last.
Let's all deny, or, search and then believe,
Facts are the stubborn things, they well retrieve.

VII.

I love the records of the Past, they bind:
They let me see the man and manhood's mind.
Now there are "Mounds," I find them here and there
Unnoted. Let me now them *first* declare:
In setts of Seven, to show their builders knew,
The Planet Stars; and their Inventors too.
In setts of Eleven, to show their builders knew—
The Nations in the sky and Planned them too:
There should be twelve, the twelfth the wise man sees,
The *incommunicable*—MYSTERIES.
A very ancient law, that Moses spake,
It's in the Decalogne "Thou shalt not take—"
The "Mounds" were breasts of earth, or better still
Titania. The work of Giant skill.
They are like Altars Noah made of Earth;
And Noah in America had birth.
Here are the records of the awful flood.
They Vouch for all; the Bible records good.

VIII.

Dear Pipestone Star I oft have you in mind;
I hold you dear, most dear, and always kind.
Your first Edition long ago I've seen,
So neat, a handsome type and print, so clean.
Your well lit office I have now in mind:
Order, 'tis Heaven's first law, through all I find.
It is no compliment to say there's skill
In all you do. Your office runs so still.
In *Master Printer* I can see there's art,
And see, the Typo's. imitate his part.
I've seen them set the type; with stick and rule;
The galley fill; to read the proof—a school
For thought—it seemed to me so difficult,
The thousands that are there! The grand result:
The chase; with form suspended; then the Press;
Revolving World! I cannot think of less.
And then, I read the clearly printed page:
O wonderous Art! The Marvel of the age!
I see, you first collect, and then combine
The Types to words, then "line on line" "on line;"
The lines are Noble Thoughts, they animate.
This is the World to me,—that you create.

N. A. List.

I Speak the American Language.

While I recite these little thoughts of truth,
Respect my words, and still regard my youth;
I cannot say they've all been said before:
There is an older age, one of OUR ANCIENT LORE.
Then erst;—I speak my thoughts as best I can,
E'en in my *Native Tongue, the American;*
Not in mixed Latin, Greek or Hebrew tongue,—
For these are languages that I call young:—
Old Sanscrit—all that India speaks—
Remember, this is younger still than *weeks;*
Egyptian lore, and all that Egypt spoke,
My land, can say, *I wrote before it woke.*
My Native Land, what 'ere they called it then,
An "EDEN" Land! I think it is again.

Let me refer to facts as they remain:
Old "Heber"—on the Bibles Ancient page—
Up there, *beyond,* I date our older age;
It means "a separation" then took place,
So says "The Book," a parting of their race.
Ever divided—"Peleg"—says for sure;
Call still again some other word as pure:
Research on *Brit,* the radical is there—
A "separation," too—*Bretannia still can bear*

Now youth and age can say: It is quite plain.
Divided was the Earth, so says "The Book,"
Ever so true; you'll find it, if you look.
Let me then say: I point to older truths,
Let Sages hear as well as modern youths;
Be mine the task to point to links that bind:
You still can see the links of human kind.

Nor is this all the truths I wish to tell:
A "Tree of Knowledge" says, "The Book" as well:
Let knowledge speak, from Alphabet of Trees,
I find our Ancient Letters named of these;
Such was the fact; *all Language will admit,*
The oldest records prove the truth of it.
Now note how true the sacred, learned Book
All that I say, be thoughtful when you look.

Let Tarsus speak, as Iliums ancient art;
I find our art, a link in clay in part;
So on Ohio's living rocks you see
Our letters stand. I claim these eldest be.

The Queen of the North.

The Queen of the North.

"Westward the march of Empire takes its way."
Recall the past, and see its march each day.
I will recount the wonders of a State,
To show its progress,—to behold its rate:
'Twill match the past of any age or time,
E'en all the past of any age or clime:
Note its great wealth in Forest, Stream and Mead,
And Lakes and Ores: aye, wealth for ev'ry need.
The Sainted "Falls," in Saintly, noble strife,
To all the World, now send the "bread of life."
Here come the Poor, exiles from Foreign Lands,
Exiles no more: here's wealth for "Labors" hands;
Rejoice, enjoy, and spread the "news" around,
Existence here, has ev'ry blessing found.
Queen of the North! there Minnesota stay:—
Unquestioned grandeur, guide you on your way:
"Equality" to all, in worth and wealth:
Salute our Cause! God grant you all its health.
Till all our Faith is won—our Hopes all past—
O Patriot State! may you thus ever last,
Faithful to Virtue, and to Freedom fast.

My Coteau's Pride! Sweet Pipestones Holy Vale!
I wonders see in thy soft, soothing tale:
So "Beautiful" the world hath knelt adored:
Such is thy fame and such thy matchless word:
Delos, and can it be—(thou Ægean Isle,
E'en ardent Delos, and its splendors smile)—
Leapt from thy thought, famed Pipestones "Beautiful."
It seems a mystery. They well compare:
A lovely Isle: a lovely vale: and air:
Majestic rocks in majesty's own state,
In Delos, such command her open strait:
Next view the, limpid, stream: and fountain spring:

Next view the Lake (the basin) like a ring:
Expect those "Adamantine rocks" to find.
So Pipestones Rocks are prompted to the mind:
On Delos altar view the fiery flame.
'Tis Pipestones Fire that guards its holy name:
And war, nor strife, but peace and peaceful ways,
For Delos and for Pipestone claim their praise.
O could we now comparison refrain!
Recall Apollo's splendors to remain?
Such "Heathen" mockery old wealth may claim:
Your "Art" now lives, in but a blasted name:
True Splendor! Datis' incense but a breath,
Hate lingers there: its desolating death.
By contrast fair we other lines pursue.
Your Pipestones "Beautiful" our thoughts renew:
No amplify (collect and then combine)
A way of thought: Inventions higher line:
'Tis this, Immortal, holy, grandeur, woke.
It winnowed all the past, new life it spoke.
O Prophecy! ennobling splendor so define:
No "Prophecy" is natural rule Divine.
A "Temple" here "not made with hands" we view:
"Light" from its "Author," Beauty's Author too:
Isaiah Prophecied: "Invention" grew.
Such links we find. Can such be accident?
The "Beautiful" is sure its precedent.

Silent and Holy, awe and rev'rence bound.
'Tis all we claim, this is the holy ground.
A shaft erect, in mem'rys hallowed shrine:
Revere and Love: the "Author's" names Divine.

Go round the World again O "Beautiful,"
With Indians faith, we'll wait, be dutiful.
Be all Earths Lands like Pipestones "Beautiful,"
Enroll the "Thought" and State, "YOU MARK IT WELL,"
Note: How that wealth is oft the road to Hell,
How grand is Beauty's Author? none can tell.

THE HEROES

AND THEIR

LEADERS.

Sketches by

N. A. LIST.

1—The Heroes and their Leaders.

2—Vincit Amor Patria.

3—The Pauper's Grave.

The Heroes and their Leaders.

Come World and see true Valor on the field:
Come see what Heroes Freedom can command;
Come see young Truth and bright Intelligence;
Come see true Virtue in majestic arms:
Unschooled to arms, to war, or strategy,
Unused to quick command, or deeds of fray.
"To arms!" "To arms!!" Obedience stands arrayed;
The line of Blue, with flashing Steel in view.
The Cannons play the gaps but no dismay;
Their breasts are bared, their eyes are fixed in front,
The columns steady tread attracts all eyes:
"Those beardless "Boys" are food for shotted guns."
Undaunted step, unswerving, steady, true:
"They run;" they run the foe dismay has seized.
No shot was fired, 'twas just that very step.
Such valor, fortitude, who could believe:
The "Bravest of the Brave," thus won the day

Who led the "Bravest of the Brave" that day?
List, while I can recall, recount, and say:
The hopes, the love, the absent and the dear
Gave youth new Hopes, and greater Faith than fear;
Where wrong were brave, there right was braver still,
The noblest youth, will write the nation's will;
The Public School, and her instructive rights,
Gave buoyant thoughts, well trained for duty's fights;
"The Sword of Bunker Hill," the song of living flame,
In outstretched hand, in Warren's golden name;
Great Washington with steady, stately tread
Again was leading on the braves he led;
Unselfish love—in grateful hearts attend
She is all honors proud and noblest friend;
E Plur'bus Unum! ever thus to be—
Broke out in glory's song, "SUCCESS TO THEE,"
'Twas heard above the deadly cannons roar;
Aloud cried fear the Earth would then deplore
"The poor of ev'ry land will weep and say;
"*Now freedoms dead we felt her die today.*"
Thus on, through shot, and ball, and *abatis*—
(The wounded, killed, one-third the number be,)
The Patriot heart, with Patriot fire, was fed,
The patriot fire, that's lit by patriot dead;
With minds elate, we call them noble, great.
A mighty Nation's trembling for her fate:
Th' electric echoes through the land can fly,
The Nation Lives, her Sons can Save and die.
These led the Bravest of the Brave that won,
These led the Braves that took brave Donelson.

Vincit Amor Patria.

They came at your word,
They shrank not danger or strife,
The Land that they loved was their hope and their life.

They bid home good-bye;
"Our Flag is in peril," their cry.
The fire in the heart dried the tear in the eye.

They left all they loved;
They pain and dark anguish defy;
A living Faith spoke, and their hopes mounted high.

O see them again
In conflict so fierce and so strong;
Undaunted they're driving brave Vict'ry along.

The wounded there lay;
The noble and brave are the dead.
Poor comfort to those, to these the battlefield's bed.

The Starved and the Dead
O'er Horrors of some Southern "Pen"
The Patriot's Spectre stands living again.

They died for us all:
O read the grand roster again,
And write their loved names in the blood of the slain.

O crimson-wrote 'roll,'
O Record of National Love–
Let's hand it to Angels e'erliving above.

"A Pauper's Grave."

It is a crime to speak the truth today,
So strong is crime, so weak is justice's sway.
The land the Soldier loved and died to save,
All he now owns is but a pauper's grave.
Upon the footsteps of the Hero's deeds,
There came no grateful honors for his needs;
But selfishness then grew, and self held sway,
And vile debauch ran riot ev'ry way:
Ægisthus' throve and Clytemniestra's live,
Ahab's desired what Jezebels did give—
The vast Domain her sons had cleared of crime,
(For sons of Poverty of ev'ry clime.)
Alas! Alas! wealth's potent, potent sway
The unwise steward joins, and writes away;
Let Courts beware, and Lawyers well attend:
These are the criminals that wrong defend.
'Twas Elis' Sons whose crimes o'erthrew the State,
And Taney's word would liberty abate.
All men are equal! men must all be free!
A crime to one a crime to all will be.
Two-million lives revoked the court's decree.
Can courts a safeguard for our freedom be?
Let courts revoke our stewards' selfish laws,
'Twill save the sword to right our injured cause,
'Twill help recall Ægisthus' mortal pain.
'Twill help to heal the Nation's living stain,
Yes, fraud is rightfully the Corporate name.
A tyrant curse, a foreign-tyrant-shame.
"Our Master and our Slave" is free, and bound
Is dead. We welcome poverty. Unbound
Is Master (and the bound) that poverty
Could make in other lands. Hypocrisy.
Where oaths are only forms, and wealth is free,
There Bars and Courts are but "old wealth's" Legree:
Petitions sacred right is cast away,
And Murder is no crime in Iowa.
If equal freedom live 'neath freedom's skies,
Eternal vigilance that freedom buys.
If mighty States can justly arbitrate,
Let's follow suit, and have it for our state.
Then willing courts, with Bars who live on crime,
Will save a bloody war some future time.
With "Courts and Bars" Republics cannot be:
For truth of this, all histories agree.
Or, some new Hale arise, and plunderer
And plunder, both surprise. A Thunderer!
A Portia! for our foreign shylocks grin,
And for our panderers to shylock's sin.
Oh, for a Bar that vice can never stain;
Oh, for a Court that sits for justice plain.
Self-interest has never stained *her* deed,
An umpire true; all commerce gives her heed:
This Pyramid amid'st the deserts, see,
'Tis faith in man the pyramid must be.
It is a crime to speak the truth today,
So strong is crime, so weak is justice's sway.

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